1343

No. 4.

JOSHUA PYM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DIONYSIUS the *Areopagite*. +

Friend DIONYSIUS,

I AM verily ſorry to ſee thee fallen ſo low as the general Voice proclaims thee to be: Thy Caſe indeed is pitiable; thou art the Paſtime of Enemies, and ſeemeſt hardly to have one Friend; thou art every where ſpoken of, but no where with Kindneſs and Reſpect. I wiſh, when thou art ſo fond of converſing with the World, that thou wouldeſt now and then converſe with thy ſelf; whilſt thou art noting other Mens Faults, it might become thee to look a little to thy own. Take it not amiſs that I admoniſh thee, it is verily

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+ One of the names assumed by Sr. R. Cooper

1755

rily the beſt Office I can do for thee, and the only Good, in thy preſent State, thou ſeemeſt capable of receiving. Why is thy Soul ſo vexed, and diſquieted? Thou acteſt as if thou thought, that the way to make thyſelf eaſy, was to make others uneaſy; ſuch Tricks on this Side the Water will not do, the Soil and Climate are both different, and the ſame Plants in one and the other require different Culture. Thou wanteſt, we know, an Employment; why, Fool! when thou hadſt one didſt thou not keep it? The Means by which it might have been kept, were at leaſt as fair and reputable as thoſe by which thee came by it. When thou ſayeſt thou art a Loſer by ſerving thy Country, thou doſt but provoke Laughter; remember what Friend *H——l* ſaid to thee on that Head, *Thy Caſe was unfortunate, for that by ſerving his Country he had got one*; which of you will People ſay was right? I fear it will go againſt thee, for his Conduct has been ſimple and uniform, always the ſame; thine always unſtable, and ſo full of Windings and Doublings, that hardly any one can tell when they have thee, or where to find thee: Hadſt thou the Art of the *Bottle-Conjurer* thou mighteſt cheat thy Neighbours for a while, ſtill they would find thee out at laſt; but thou haſt not the Expertneſs of that Fellow, and thy Tricks are eaſily ſeen into.

I hear, thou boaſteſt thyſelf that thou art a *Patriot*; the Word ſounds well and hath a good Meaning, but I muſt tell thee is not for thy Turn; thy whole Demeanour, ſince I have known thee, ſhews, that in thy Mouth it hath never been more than a Pretence. Are not thy Ways all noted? Thou muſt be a ſilher Fellow than even thine Enemies call thee, if thou thinkeſt

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they are yet forgotten: Have Men forgotten doſt thou think for whom that well reputed Man, poor *L--ve*, was ſo ſadly treated? Couldſt thou hope to retain long what thou ſo iniquitouſly purchaſed, at the Price of his Life and of thine own Honour? In what S—ſion was there ever a fouler or blacker Jobb, than that which paved thy way to his Employment? Do not all Men know that thou didſt ſtrike a poſitive Bargain beforehand for it? And how ignobly didſt thou drudge and proſtitute thy Parts to make it ſure? Verily *Ahab* was but a Type of thee, *thou didſt ſell thyſelf to work wickedneſs.*

Canſt thou name one Jobb ſince thou firſt came into P——ment, in which thou waſt not a Broker? I have looked over the J—nals of the H—ſe, and find thy Name in every one of them, more or leſs, thou haſt ever had a Share, whenever thou wert employed, or it ſerved the Purpoſe of the Faction to which thou waſt at the Time engaged: I could recite to thee many Inſtances, but that I find a better Hand has undertaken ſoon to do it. And to what Party or Faction haſt thou ever long adhered or been true? How many different Maſters haſt thou ſerved, and one after another betrayed them all? Is there a Man of them now to ſtrike Hands with thee, have they not all caſt thee off? Is it not true what thy Friend *B——ce* told us of thee but laſt Week, thou art deſpiſed of them all. Thou haſt at Turns been *B—b——b*'s Man and *B—le*'s Man. In thoſe ſame J——nals I can trace thee marſhalling the Men and fighting under different Banners, changing thy Armour and thy Weapons, now trampling on thy Foes, again ſordidly crouching to make Terms to be reconciled; one Day encou-

raged by loud *Hear-hims*, and next, the ſame Perſons hiſſing and reviling thee with Scorn; now thou art given up to univerſal, and I verily believe, to everlaſting Contempt.

I muſt bring thee, Friend *Dionyſius*, to ſtrict Account. Doſt thou imagine that thy weekly Papers will hide thy true Character, or make theſe Things to be forgotten? Or doſt thou think that by abuſing thy Betters thou wilt be reſtored to thy Place? Is any Man afraid of thee? Is the Tongue of an Oyſter-wench leſs regarded? I know ſomething of what is doing, and it is, if thou haſt Wiſdom to take it right, friendly to tell thee, that the Great Men of this Land, whom thou art daily abuſing, ſit ſmiling with contemptuous Leer, and value thee not a Ruſh; thou art fallen, Man, below their Notice; come what will, thou wilt not, I can tell thee, be conſidered, no Regard had of thee, nor any Terms will be made for thee. Doſt thou not ſee, that the very Men who drew thee into the Scrape make light of thee now and ſet thee at nought? Amazing it is if thou doſt not ſee it, for every body beſides thee doth!

But it is not concealed from thee, I know thou haſt many an aching Heart; but ſtill thou haſt one deſperate Game left yet to play, which, ſince nothing elſe will do, thou art reſolved to try: Thou haſt been fooliſh enough to vaunt, that by thy weekly Squibs thou couldſt kindle up a Flame among the Populace,—that all the City Engines ſhould not be able to extinguiſh: Ridiculous Man! to fancy thy Nonſenſe can produce ſuch Effects; I tell thee that *Lemuel Gulliver* could by piſſing put it out; thou and thy Cronies at *M. W—n*'s are mere *Liliputians*, thine Arrows are not ſo much

as felt; what ſignifies it how faſt thou ſhowereſt them, one Man would overturn a whole Hoſt of ſuch Warriors: The very loweſt of the People, whom thou wouldſt lead to Miſchief, are too honeſt and too underſtanding to be long deceived by thee; thou canſt not convince them that they are concerned in theſe diſputes; they feel themſelves at eaſe, thou canſt not ſhew them that they will get any Advantage by eſpouſing thee; how wilt thou perſuade them that it is of National Concern, whether thou art barrelling up Tongues at *C—ke*, or counting Hanks of Yarn at *Dun—y?* What is it to them whether thou art in or out? How can they be better or worſe for it? Have they not Senſe to know when they are hurt, or when not? However ſorely thou ſmarteſt, they will not feel, and feeling is that by which alone they judge; if they did feel, the Man who has ſo oft betrayed them, and acted unworthily in every Stage, is not the Perſon to whom they would ſeek for Redreſs: Will they, thinkeſt thou, be ſo ungrateful to the beſt Prince that ever filled a Throne, to the true Father of his Country, as to diſturb his Government becauſe thou art out of Humour, and wanteſt to be a Commiſſioner? Vain Hope! Verily, Friend *Dionyſius*, I ſuſpect thou art beſide thyſelf, frequent Diſappointments have made thee mad.

In thy Papers I perceive thou ſometimes talkeſt of thy Conſcience, ſo I remember thou didſt once in the H—e of C—s; but how did thy Brethren flout and jeer thee for it, till a Friend helped thee out, by a Diſtinction between a private and a public Conſcience; thou oweſt him a Liſt for that good Turn to this Day: Thou hadſt the Face, it is true, to ſtand it, tho' all People ſaw that thou waſt

waſt confounded; had I been in thy Caſe, I had never ſhewn my Face in that H—e again.

Thou haſt however one good Thing in thee, for which I muſt commend thee, becauſe it agrees with our way; thou haſt great Meekneſs, and with admirable Temper canſt bear Injury and Reproach; if a Man ſmite thee on the Left Cheek, thou wilt turn unto him the other; a Teſtimony that thou delighteſt not in Blood; thou mayſt be choleric, but thou art not ſanguinary: There are Proofs of this thy Chriſtian Temper I know upon Record: In the MS. Letters which a Friend hath promiſed ſoon to publiſh, there is a remarkable Inſtance, I am told, of thy refuſing to fight that warm Man the S—r, when, forgetting his proper Character, and humbling himſelf to thy Level, he challenged thee; as alſo at another time when he rudely called thee a Lyar in the H—ſe, I may ſay in the Face of the whole Nation; for this I own thou deſervedſt to be commended, tho' it is fit at the ſame time to remind thee, that as Liars ſhould have, it is ſaid, good Memories, ſo Cowards ſhould keep good Tongues; for if one of theſe angry People, whom thou art daily provoking, ſhould happen not to be ſo good a Chriſtian as thyſelf, there is no telling how thou mighteſt come off.

Thou art very buſy, I hear, in gueſſing who it is that writes to thee and of thee ſo oft, thou haſt gueſſed at four already; and art ſtill wide of the Mark, I will give thee four Gueſſes more, and wager thou canſt not tell. Thou art alſo, I hear very angry for the Freedoms they have taken with thee, and threatneſt them ſeverely, that when the P—ment meets thou wilt ſend them to *Newgate*, and do this and that; but I do not find that they are a Bit afraid of thee; one ſaid in my hearing

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the other Day, that thou hadſt not Weight or Intereſt enough in that H—e to ſend a Dog to *Newgate*, tho' he piſt upon thee. Now verily, Friend, if this be thy Caſe, as I ſuſpect it is, it is time for thee to pack up thy Awls and be gone, and not to be waſting thy Time and ſpending thy Breath and thy Money, upon what is ſure to turn to no Account. Thy Affairs at home want thy Attendance, I hear, and thou wilt do well to look after them a little, eſpecially at this Time, when there is a Spy ſent out, to ſee how thou haſt applied the large Sums advanced to thee by the L—n B—d.

There is one Man againſt whom many of thy little Arrows, I find, are pointed, of whom it would be but juſt of thee, if thou knoweſt, to tell what Evil he hath done: He hath many Friends, is well ſpoken of, and, as far as I can learn, demeaneth himſelf quietly, pays his Debts, and is civil to his Neighbours; if he wanted not a Servant; or thought that thou waſt not fit to be about him, is that a Reaſon for thee to rail at him? In this Land of Liberty it were reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that Men might chuſe their own Servants; but when I recollect that thou wilt not even allow thy Sovereign to chuſe for himſelf, I do not ſo much wonder that thou art angry with him; it is a bad Paſs the Man is come to, if he neither muſt chuſe his own Servants nor Friends: Now I hear, and in my Conſcience do believe, that thou haſt not, nor any of thy Partiſans, aught at this time to object to that Man, but that inſtead of his next Door Neighbour, or the Man that lived directly facing him, he went a few Doors lower down, and ſelected two Men who lived in one Houſe, whoſe Ways and Faces he liked better, for his Friends and Confidents, and hath eat and drank oftner of late with them than

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he has done with the others; if this be all the Quarrel, as I believe it is, is it wiſe or is it friendly of thee to intermeddle: Neither Side thou ſeeſt will truſt thee, neither of them conſult thee or call upon thee, and yet thee will be meddling. As I ſaid in the Beginning, poor Man! I could almoſt be tempted to pity thy Caſe; but, alas! thou art too abandoned.

If I am free with thee, canſt thou blame me? What Man ever acted ſuch a Part as thou art now a playing? Here is a Man come among us to ſolder the disjointed Members of our Body, to heal our Wounds, and to quiet Animoſities; and what art thou doing? Whilſt he is pouring in Oil and binding up, thou art tearing off the Bandages and laying them open, and pouring on the Venom of thy curſed Slaver to make them rankle and feſter again. Thou once profeſſed thyſelf to be a *Surgeon* in a Country Town, I doubt thy *Patients* were ill treated, for verily thou ſheweſt little Skill in the Art of Healing; by thy Practice thou art either a Knave or a Bungler.

In ſhort, for it is time to draw to an End, ſince thou art by Nature of a peaceable Diſpoſition, it was very fooliſh and inadvertent in thee, I fear, to change the Colour of thy Ink; the Habiliments of thy Body and Mind ought to correſpond, by hanging out of falſe Colours thou art but the more ridiculous; though there be no Gall in the Ink, theſe bilious Vomitings of thine ſhew, that there is a Redundance in thy Stomach, and that thou haſt frequent Heart-burnings within. Be wiſe, and hereafter thou mayeſt have one Friend, I mean him that adviſeth thee; whom for his Name, if thou haſt any Truth, thee will revere. Farewel.

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[*To be continued Weekly.*]